

*The history*

Puffing at all, winnowss the light away,  
And what hath masse or matter by it selfe,  
Lyes rich in vertue and vnmingled.

*Nestor*. With due obseruance of the godlike seate,  
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproofe of chance,  
Lies the true proofe of men: the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boates dare faile,  
Vpon her ancient brest, making their way  
With those of nobler bulke?

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage  
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold  
The strong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,  
Bounding betweene the two moylt elements,  
Like *Perseus* horse. Where's then the sawcie boate,  
Whose weake vntymberd sides but euen now  
Corriualld greatnesse? either to harbor fled,  
Or made a tolte for *Neptune*: euen so  
Doth valours shew, and valours worth deuide  
In stormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightnesse  
The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze  
Then by the Tyger, but when the splitting winde,  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Okes,  
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then the thing of courage,  
As rouzd wih rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in selfe same key,  
Retires to chiding fortune.

*Ulysses*. *Agamemnon*,  
Thou great Commander, nerues and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soule and onely spright,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut vp: heere what *Ulysses* speakes,  
Besides th'applause and approbation,  
The which most mighty (for thy place and sway  
And thou most reuerend) for the stretcht out life,  
I giue to both your speeches; which were such  
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece,  
Should hold vp high in brasse, and such againe

As

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

As venerable *Nestor* (hatcht in siluer)  
Should with a bond of ayre strong as the Axel-tree,  
(On which heauen rides) knit all the Greekish cares  
To his experienc't tongue, yet let it please both  
Thou great and wise, to heare *Ulysses* speake.  
Troy yet vpon his bases had beene downe  
And the great *Hectors* sword had lackt a master  
But for these instances.  
The specialtie of rule hath beene neglected,  
And looke how many Grecian tents do stand,  
Hollow vpon this plaine, so many hollow factions,  
When that the generall is not like the hieue,  
To whom the forragers shall all repaire,  
What honey is expected? Degree being visarded  
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairly in the maske.  
The heauens them-selues, the plannets and this center  
Obserue degree, prioritie and place,  
In sisure, course, proportion, season forme,  
Office and custome, in all line of order.  
And therefore is the glorious planer Sol,  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spherd,  
Amidst the other; whose medcinable eye,  
Corrects the influence of euill Planets,  
And posts like the Commandment of a King,  
Sans check to good and bad. But when the Planets,  
In euill mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie?  
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors  
Diuert and crack, end and deracinate,  
The vnitie and married calme of states  
Quite from their fixure: O when degree is shake,  
Which is the ladder of all high designes,  
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
Degrees in schooles, and brother-hoods in Citties,  
Peacefull commerce from denidable shores,  
The primogenitie and due of birth,  
Prerogatiue of age, crownes, scepters, lawrels,

But

